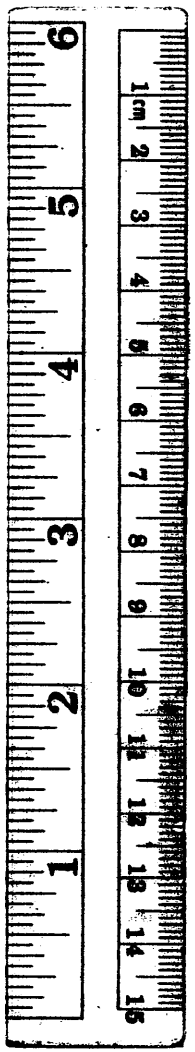

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THE

Lombard-Street Lecturer's

LATE

Farewell Sermon,

ANSWER'D:

OR, THE

Welsh Levite

Toss'd *De Novo.*

A

DIALOGUE

Between *David J-nes* and Dr. *John Bastwick*; and *Lovewit* and *Fairman*, two of his late Parishioners.

Addressed to the Bankers of *Lombard-Street.*

Tantæne animis Cœlestibus iræ? Virg.

LONDON,
Printed for the Assigns of *John Bastwick*, and Sold by *T. J.* without *Temple-Barr*, 1692.

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TO THE

BANKERS

OF

Lombard-Street.

Gentlemen,

THE *Popular Noiſe of a certain* Farewell Sermon, *Preach'd amongſt you, has Rang ſo loud in the Town, that all Tongues are full of it; for indeed, there is that extravagant Vengeance in it, denounced againſt you, (for you are his Mark,) as ſeems not a little amazing. This* Farewell, (*to give the Author his due,*) *has dealt* Hell *and* Damnation *as liberally amongſt you, as ever the late Famous Impoſtor* Wickham (*in his laſt* Will *and* Teſtament) *did his* Lands *and* Legacies; *and truly, upon due Examination, 'tis to be fear'd, with equal Truth and Veracity, our* Lombard-*Street* Paſtor *being much the ſame* Oracle *with the St.* Clements Teſtator.

Eternal and irrevocable Damnation, Gentlemen, *is a very ſevere Sentence, and the bold Pronouncer, ought to weigh before he Dooms; for 'tis not the pretended Paſtoral Commiſſion and Authority, can Warrant ſuch Pulpit Thunder-Claps to ſtrike at Random. 'Tis eaſie to Cry out, An* Uſurer! *An* Uſurer! *Good Lungs, and Mad Zeal, may go far, but right Reaſon, and upright Judgment, ought to go farther. He that would ſhew us the Fiend, would do honeſtly;*

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neſtly to point us the Cloven-foot: And our Open-Mouth'd Zealot, *when he reſolv'd, in a full Cry, to run down all* Lombard-Street *at a Breath, he would have done well to have Thought a little before he Talkt all, and only paus'd, to make ſome Diſtinction betwixt* Commerce *and* Extortion, Honeſt Traffick, *and* Unjuſt Uſury. *Had he given you that fair play for your* Lives *and* Souls, *(for they were both under his Laſh) he had done ſomething. But truly our Head-long* Jehu-*Driver, had no ſuch Licenſe to ſpare, and his* Patrons *muſt expect no ſuch Favour at his hands.*

In ſhort, you take Intereſt for Money, and with the Spirit of Muggleton, *(the Copy only out-doing the Original) he has over and over told you, you are all Damn'd for it. And as he began with you, to keep up his Character, he reſolved to end with you; his Farewell we underſtand, being only a Summary of his former continued Fulminations againſt you. By what Inſpiration all this condemn'd Vengeance againſt you moved, I will not pretend to inquire, it being poſſibly no where better deſcrib'd then in a Famous* Poet.

Thus Wind i'th' Hypocondriack pent,
Proves but a Blaſt, if downward ſent;
But if it upward chance to fly,
It turns new Light and Prophecy.

Now Gentlemen, *the buſineſs of this following Diſcourſe being a vindication of Truth, in anſwer to the Indignities and rude Treatments you have received from him, and conſequently, to juſtifie the publick Right you have done your Selves; as ſuch, it begs your favourable Acceptance.*

THE

The INTRODUCTION.

THE Town has been entertain'd with a late Farewel Sermon, Preach'd by *David Jones*, late of St. *Mary Woolnoth*; a piece (you may judge) of no ſmall merit, when the Bookſeller could afford ſo many Guineas for the Copy, a price rarely given for a Sermon. But you are to conſider, there's ſomething more than Goſpel in it. The Preacher, the Cauſe, the Occaſion, and the matter contained in it, affords ſome (very out of the way) Rarity, and the general reception it has met, perhaps, is owing to that chief, if not only Curioſity. The parting with a good Benefice, you may imagine, was a little provoking, and not to ſay, *The* Welch *Blood was up*, let it ſuffice, The Man of God, like other frailer Mortality, was angry, and has not been ſparing of Gall to his Ink.

As ſuch then his Farewell appears in Print; and if his Readers are as numerous, as his Auditors were, we are not much to wonder at it. For 'tis the common weakneſs of Mankind, to be more charm'd with Diverſion than Inſtruction. And on that ſcore, we find it ſo popular a piece.

To examine this doughty Farewel-ſtroke throughout, 'twould be a work too tedious, but as his keeneſt Shafts is ſhot againſt Uſury, and chiefly levell'd at the great Bankers, his Worſhipful Pariſhioners to expoſe that Scurrility and Detraction, and unmask the feeble Rayler, is the Subject of our preſent Diſcourſe.

His great poſition is, That *He that taketh any Increaſe, is an Uſurer, and ſuch a one as ſhall ſurely die for his Uſury, and his Blood ſhall be upon his own Head*, &c. In Anſwer to which,

Firſt, To the Legality of Increaſe, or Intereſt of Money. Such Intereſt is eſtabliſh'd by the ſtrongeſt Law of the Nation, by Act of Parliament. Now if that Law be no Authoritative Warrant for the practice of it; inſtead of Snarling and Barking at a few of his Banker Pariſhioners, Why does not our great Champion of truth, ſtrike at the Root of ſo raigning a Sin (as every Faithful Miniſter ought) and conſequently declare, that the Temporal Law that encourages it, as being expreſly againſt the Law of God, is in it ſelf null and void, and thereupon humbly move our preſent King, Lords, and Commons, to amend ſo groſs an Overſight and Fault in their Erroneous Predeceſſors, by Aboliſhing that Unchriſtian Statute. For without this, all his Preaching will be in vain; for unleſs our non intereſt Predicator can Convince the World, That he is Wiſer than the whole Nation beſides, whilſt the Increaſe of

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Money continues *Cum Privilegio*, under the Sanction of Decrees and Statutes, 'twill be absolutely impossible for him to perswade the Rich Men of the Nation, to quit so fair a Feather in their Caps, upon one single Doctors Opinion against it.

Besides, as I take it, our present Establishment of 6 *per Cent.* was setled in a *Protestant* Reign, and 'tis to be thought, that the whole Episcopal Body, as Prelates in Parliament, were assenting to such a Law. I am sure we do not read of any Ecclesiastical Votes against Interest Money, at the passing of that Act. And were the great Pastors of our Church, our Bishops, and Law-makers, all in the wrong, and only our Diminitive Curate of *Lombard-Street* in the right? If so; I know no reason our over modest Preacher has to spare those offending Churchmen, any more than he has sometimes done the rest of the Clergy, in his famous Invectives against Pluralities.

So much for the National Authority for Increase of Money. Now let us examine the thing as purely in it self. Shall a rich Money'd Man lend such a Trader, or Merchant so much Money, by which, through his lawful Industry, shall that Trader or Merchant gain possibly 30 or 40 *per Cent.* and at last, through rolling that first Foundation Stone, arrive to infinite Riches, and after all repay his kind Patron, with no Interest, Advantage, or Consideration whatever. Shall the Borrower grow so fat, and the Lender, the Founder of the Feast, look on and starve. Is this thy Gospel Justice, thou Man of God?

Besides, What's the Money more than Moneys worth! Are Silver and Gold more Riches or Wealth, than Sheep and Oxen? The Grasier that drives his Six Oxen to Market, makes *Increase*, for he sells 'em for more than they cost him, and perhaps with their Sale, brings 7 the next Market-Day, and so to an Hundred: And shall Money, and only Money, be debar'd that Improvement. Shall the Goldsmith make Increase by his Gold Rings, and Silver Tankards with Honesty, but lie under our Boanerges Anathema of Damnation, if he does it by his pieces of Eight? Certainly it looks a little hard, that Land shall have free Liberty to exact 5 *per Cent.* from the hard Labours of the toiling Hind and Peasant, that gets his daily Bread by the Sweat of his Brow; and Money at the same time shall be denied the priviledge of raising a profit from the Luxury of a borrowing Courtier, the Ventures of a prosperous Voyager, or the like; especially when liable to Shipwracking the whole Fund, the very principal exposed to harm; when on the contrary, the safer *Terra firma* runs no such danger.

Besides, if Usury (I mean under a moderate Restriction and Limitation) were unlawful; How comes it, that in the parable of the Ten Talents, [*Matth.* 25*th.*] our Saviour rebukes the Negligent Servant that hid his Talent under ground, with so severe a Reprimand, as, *Thou wicked and slothful Servant — Thou oughtest to have put thy Money to the Exchangers*, *changers, that at my return I might have received my own with* Usury. Giving him no less a Condemnation, than *Cast ye the unprofitable Servant into utter Darkness*, &c. Belike in our Saviour's time there were Banks, and Exchangers, as well as in *Lombard-street* Precinct. And though this is only spoken by way of Parable, yet it is very strange, our Saviour should compare the Kingdom of Heaven, and the means himself prescribes to attain it (as such is this Parable) to the vilest, and (if our *David* may be believed) to so Diabolical a sin, for his Allusion, as *Usury*. Our Saviour's *Way to Heaven*, and our *Levite's Down-right Road to Hell*, methinks, are something ill matcht together. But our Gospeller reads the Bible, perhaps, with peculiar Spectacles of his own.

Well, but for once let us lay aside the Parable of Heaven, and the Authority of Christ himself in this point, and examine Interest of Money in its politick Capacity, as consistent with the Publick, in a National Concern.

Granting then for once, that our Divine *Enthusiastick* has deliver'd an Oracle, *That Usury, or Increase of Money is that unlawful Gain as to debar the Receiver from the Benefits of Christ; and exclude him from the* Sacrament; *nay,* Salvation *it self without* Restitution *first made, and that the Rules of our Christianity declare so positivtly against it, that it ought to be prohibited and banisht from out of a Christian Government.* Granting all this, I say, let us examine the publick Consequences of such a Prohibition.

First, if Money be debar'd improvement, nothing but Land, or Trading can make any Increase. Hereupon no Wise Man will ever part with his Land; or if now and then an Accidental Purchase should happen, here are so many money'd Gapers to snatch it, that in one Twelve Months time, all the Lands in *England*, will be in Rich Mens hands, and such a thing as a sale of an Estate, scarce heard of in an Age. After that near three parts of the Money in *England* will be buried under ground. For who will let out his Money for Charity? If all that flowing Cash be call'd in, more than half the Traders, and Dealers in the Kingdom, must lie down and starve. For the Banks (the Exchecquers that fed 'em) will be all shut up. And if it be objected, That then the Usurer must turn Merchant and Trader himself, if he will turn his Money to lawful Use. To that I Answer: What's this but turning the World topsie-turvey, setting the Cripple to Plough; putting Traffick and Trade into the Hands of Ignorance and Incapacity, to manage what they understand not, and setting Experience and Industry, that does understand it, a drift to perish.

Nor will the Trafficker and Trader only suffer, all Degrees of Men must groan under this Rigid Doctrine of Non-Usury.

For Instance. Suppose a Gentleman of Estate and Quality, besides leaving the gross of a plentiful Estate to his Eldest Son and Heir, (as in all reason he should do so) to support the grandeur of a Noble Family,

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through his many Years Industry, and other good Fortune, has made Provision for his Younger Sons, and his Daughters. For Example. Suppose a Daughters Portion is a brace of Thousand Pounds. This young *Lady* we will farther suppose ought in all Justice to match in some measure to her equal Quality, possibly some Country Gentleman of 300 or 400 a Year. Now upon the supposition that Interest of Money be forbidden. What signifies her Portion to such a Husband, not 3 pence. For first, as has been said before, here's no purchase of *Land* to be found for it: To Merchandize with it, he understands not, besides 'tis breaking his whole Measures of *Life* to manage, or indeed to attempt any such unintelligible Trade, or Mystery: The business of living amongst his Tenants, and bearing a figure in his Native Country, upon his own Seat, and the like, is all he knows, or indeed all that ought to be expected from him. What must he do with this dead load of Money? to spend it that's ill Husbandry; and ends in Ruine: 'Tis enough for every Prudent Man to live up to the height of his Annual Income; all that he draws from the main stock is perfect prodigality. Well then, he must keep all this Money buried by him, or lend it out for nothing (which comes much to the same end) and possibly 22 or 23 years hence, when he has Sons and Daughters grown up to Men and Women, he has this unimproved 2000 *l.* by him to bestow between 5 or 6 young Children, (the Wife and whole Family eating out the Annual profits of this *Land*) *viz.* 2 or 300 *l.* a piece, just enough to set up his Sons for Country Shopkeepers, and to Match his Gentlewoman Daughters to some Inferior Mechanicks; and so both the Father and Mother of *Quality*, have the pleasure to see in one Generation, their Family dwindle to nothing; whereas, if this Two Thousand pound might have been improved for those three or four and twenty years together, here might have been sufficient to breed the younger Sons at least to the genteelest of Merchants or Traders, and to Match the Daughters to equal Blood, Fortunes, and *Quality* with themselves. But by our famous *Leveller's* Tenent, by the same parity of Reason, the highest Nobility must either turn Trader to support the under Branches of Great Family; that is, if Moneys and Treasures are such useless Commodities; or else the Estate, that should go with the Honour, must be torn to pieces, and consequently by the Divisions and Subdivisions in 3 or 4 Generations, (provided they obey God's first Commandment, *viz.* Increase and Multiply) the Richest and Noblest Family in *England* must shrink to a Skeleton.

Our Divine Author when he condemn'd Interest of Money, he did well to enjoyn the Cessation of *Conjugal Delight*, the addition of Fasting Rights, to Penitential Days. For if a poor Heiress to 20000 *l.* brings her Right Honourable Spouse so worthless, and so useless a Dowre, with the Shackle of Non-Interest at the heels of it, instead of fasting Nights (especially if she be a Teemer) it will be necessary to enjoyn her fasting Years too, for fear of raising too numerous a Progeny for her Lord to be able to provide for.

For another Instance; Suppose an Heir or Executor to some Rich-Merchant, has his whole Patrimony left in Money; and what (as very often) through the Gentleman-Education his Trading Father has given him, he is utterly uncapable of managing his Money in Merchandize (as his Father before him) This Rich Heir, without either Land to purchase, or Trade to drive, be his Inheritance never so large; yet if he lives but up to the rate of five *per Cent* of his Money, without the liberty of Interest, to make up the daily Fraction, and happens to out-live 20 years, he must come to the Parish to be maintain'd, and dye a Beggar.

Nay, if so many thousands of Rich Men perish, what must the Poor suffer? How many poor Families are there in *England*, that drive their whole Weeks Trade upon the borrowed Money they pay every *Saturday*-Night, and maintain their Wives and Children out of Pledges and Loans; whereas, if Money were not to be borrowed upon Interest, where should they find a supply to get in Bread?

But, to look yet a little higher into the inseparable Fatalities that attend upon now-Interest of Money; here is not only Rich and Poor, Trader or no Trader, nay, Honour and Nobility, all suffering; but even Kingdoms, and Crown'd Heads, under an absolute necessity of shaking by it.

For Example: If money be only Loanable *gratis*, suppose the greatest Distress and Exigence of State, the King cannot borrow upon the greatest Tax, or National Security whatever, unless good Natur'd Loyalty will give him that Credit (a Virtue not always, or at least, not every where in fashion) as to lend him, and especially such lumping Sums, upon no other Return or Requital, but a Compliment.

Besides, where will he find Money to borrow, or indeed Taxes to be raised, for when Money is of no other use than to go to the Butcher, or Baker? Traffick will soon be lost, and the Nation over-run with the Wild *Irish* Laziness; and Industry will be kickt out of Doors; and when Money (the Vitals and Life of a Nation) once Stagnates, the whole Circulation of Trade we must expect will quickly cease; and if that fails, farewell our wooden Walls, and indeed the whole strength of the Kingdom. The Parliament, notwithstanding the present bill before 'em, will be able to make but small Incouragement for the Importation of *Bullion* to convert into Money, to supply the present National wants. Thus, instead of new Money coming in, they must have a care that the old do not all run out, to seek a more thriving Soyl, than the barren and unprofitable *English* Product can afford it. In short, our

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Zealous Book-worm, without any farther prospect, without considering Common-wealth or People, Government or Constitution, or indeed any thing else, sets up his Throat to unloose all the Nerves of Commerce and Society, and consequently to unhinge whole Estates, and all by the stretch of a Text in *Ezekiel*, that forbids the taking of any Increase; Never weighing in what Circumstances that Text was delivered, or whither it pointed, or how far it reaches the Case before him; nay, his Passion makes him so talk at random, that he declares, That *taking use for money is every way hurtful and incommodious, both to private Men, and Publick Society.* But how 'tis so, there he's pleased to be silent, talking without proving being indeed his greatest Talent.

But that our high-flown Pulpiteer (*Preacher* we dare not call him, Modesty, Reason, and Truth, being the necessary Qualifications for that Character) may not run away with the Cause, and make Interest of Money so strangely destructive to Publick Society, we shall desire him but for once to consider (that is, if he has not absolutely forsworn all Consideration) in what Estate God left Mankind, after the fall of our Great Fore-father *Adam*, and some very necessary Consequences attending that Fall, that will give some farther light into the Question in hand, and discuss the Point before us.

When our banish'd first Parents were by the flaming Sword expelled from Paradice, *The ground* (we read) *was cursed for Adams sake, Thorns and Thistles it should bring forth, and in the sweat of his Face he should eat his Bread, till his return to the ground.* From that dooming-day, the Plough and the Spade, the Wheel and the Spindle, and in fine, Care and Labour, and Pain and Toyl, were the Product and Hire of Mans Original Curse. With this hard Portion, were the succeeding Race of Mankind to Plant the World, and be the Inhabitants and Manurers of the Earth. From that day, according to the Industry or Sloth of Men, (the Sun shining equally on the Just and Unjust) together with the secret and accountable Pleasure of Providence in its various Distributions of Mans outward Felicity, have our humane Blessings been so unequally divided.

From this unequal Division of Temporary Blessings, the succeeding Industry of the World has been necessitated to depend upon mutual Assistance, and Brotherly-help, from generation to generation. He that would labour must borrow the Plough, if he has not of his own. And as Money has all along, and ever will be (neither the threshing floor, or Potters Field to be had without it) both the Plough, and the Plough-driver, both the Seed, and the Crop of the Harvest, and indeed the Sinew and

and Nerve of every moving Hand; under the fore-mentioned unequal Distribution of that necessary shining Dirt, what an incumbent necessity does there lye in all Degrees and Vocations of Mankind, to an Universal mutual Accommodation in that most important Working Tool,

Now in this plain case, if this grand Accommodation must be made from the abler to the unabler Brother, to support the whole Being of Mankind, and that too under all the Advantages and Succour to the assisted, and neither Advantage nor Help, but inevitable Ruin and Destruction (as has been before proved) to the Assisting, from the Non-Interest above-mentioned; What Injustice must govern the World, if so kind a Helping hand must be so ill rewarded? or on the other side, What Destruction must attend upon Publick Societies, if every able hand (as with good Reason in such a case) should be closed and shut up, and deny that Help to his wanting Brother.

Upon summing up the whole; When our Denouncing *Levite* breathed such hideous Fulminations against Use of Money, more or less, in all Cases whatever, as Eternal Damnation, *&c.* to have strengthened that Position with unanswerable Authority, he ought to have searched the Scripture for some Affirmative, as well as Negative Text, *viz.* Lend out thy Money to thy necessitous Brother without Interest, to feed him, and starve thy self, upon pain of Damnation; or the like, *&c.* and so have press'd the Duty of Lending *gratis*, under the same Penalty, as doing it otherwise: For without some such Scriptural-Command, such Prodigal Works of Charity, so kind abroad, and so ruinous at home, will very difficully be imposed upon Mankind; and without that Charity, the Calamities that follow are but too evident. If such a Text could have been found, our *Rare-well-Maker*, and *Usury-Scourger*, had done his Work. But (alas) these Calamitous Consequences never enter'd his Head; his *Enthusiasms* were soaring so high, and carried his Raptures so all Heaven-wards, that he had not leisure to look down upon this Diminutive spot of Earth; Communities and Constitutions, and the whole Benefits of Mankind, being no part of his Consideration.

THE

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THE

SERMON
Dissected,

IN

A Dialogue betwixt *David F—es*, the Ghost of *John Bastwick*; And *Lovewitt*, and *Fairman*, two of his late Parishoners.

Inopem me Copia fecit.

Enter BASTWICK.

Bastwick. WELL, the Extraordinary account my fellow-sufferer, and Brother Saint, *William Prynn*, gave me lately of a young Successor to the Noble Spirit, has made me have the Curiosity of revisiting this City, to have a little happy Converse with him, both for my Satisfaction, and his Edification; if I can but find the way to *Aldersgate-street*, I may chance to meet with him in some of the Houses of the Saints. But, hold, here comes a Man in Black, his moody looks, and haughty Port, as well as Stature, makes me hope that I may save my self any farther labour. { *Enter* David.

David. * *I am a Derision dayly, e'ry one mocketh me; for since I spake, I cryed out Violence and Spoil, because the word of the Lord was made a reproach unto me, and a derision dayly; then I said, I will not make mention of him, nor* Vide c. 6.

nor speak any more in his Name. These Men are like the Adders, that stop their Ears to the voice of the Charmer: * But let them not imagine that I will crack my Lungs, like a Water-man that crys stinking Fish, which no body will buy; * No, no, *I take no delight to rake up the Filth of their deceitful hearts, and to speak such uncomely things that NATURE Blushes but to Name.* Nor is it any tollerable Diversion to me to set my *Inclinations a Tiptoe*, with the *plain* and *Scripture-like* representation of the enticing *bewitcheries* of a Balmy City Wife, when she designs to Arm her Husband in the wrong place, prostituting her self (yea verily) in a very unseemly manner; or to lay open in Moving terms (*for* * *my Sermons are not dead Letters*, but very active *Animals*) to touch, and pierce you to the quick, the Guilt of the Husband, when he trespasses on the benevolence of his Pious Comfort with a buxome young Harlot over a pint of White Port in a Hedge Tavern; or the beastly Copulations of the Callow young Apprentice, and the Demure Chamber-Maid. * Pa

Bastw. This must needs be the very Man I seek, he breaths Fire and Brimstone, and is more like me than if I had begot him; *But I'll hear a little more before I Embrace him.* [aside.]

David. No, no; this is a Generation of Vipers, that regards not the Admonitions of the *Zeal*, and Soul-saving * *Foolishness of Thunder-like Denunciations*; for 'tis but washing an *Æthiope* white, to be so concern'd for them, since they sit as unconcerned as a hardned Debtor in *Alsatia*, to a modest Dun, when they * *hear* us speak; tho', to say the truth (*as indeed I can do no otherways*) * they do not *hear us neither*; *for they hear not, and hear us not, at the very same individual time*, tho' they be present at the overflowing Torrent of the Spirit, and Truth, and Holiness. * Vi pag. 2 * Vi pag. 1

Bast. *Ipsissimus Homo*, I profess the numerical *David*, if I have any skill in Physiognomy; but he's going on, and I'll not stop him in the carrier of the Spirit.

David. What has all my Travel and pain avail'd me? what advantage in my Harvest have I reap'd, by putting on the Armour of a Face of Brass, as strong as the Rock on which the Church was built in the Gospel? Has any of the Cook-maids of my Parish left off purloining her Mistresses Butter, to encrease her Vails of Kitchinstuff; or any Prophane *Ale-draper* forsaken his abominable Jugg, for a conscientious Quart-Pot, that an honest Porter may be Drunk at a cheaper rate? or any Corpulent Matron of the Brandy-Shop, given over selling *Rabbinish* Spirits for good Protestant *Rochel*, or *Nants*? or, has any ungodly dealer

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dealer in *Fornication*, reform'd her unchristian Negligence, in procuring *Hirers* instead of *Coolers*: *No, no, yes verily, no*; therefore I will tell them aloud, I will forsake their Company; for I am not willing to go to the Devil in their way; there are more ways to the Wood than one, and if I must go, I'll Lead, and not Follow: No, no, let these Scoundrels go and be Damn'd by themselves if they will, for I love not their Company, as I told them; since they will not hear me, but thrust me out of the Pulpit, to send me, like *Nebuchadnezzar*, a Grazing on the Grass in the Fields, to Converse with the Beasts of the Wilderness.

Bastw. How do my Bowels of Compassion yern for him, since I find he is in Tribulation for Conscience-sake,—It must be he, Persecution has laid its Papistical Claws upon him; I can scarce contain, but that I find he has not done yet.

David. But I will Evidence the Truth to them, and the errours of their Footsteps, they will hear, and sleep not, the the Fields afford as easy a *Dormitory*, as a Pew lin'd with green Says in a Parish-Church. I will Preach to the Birds of the Air, or to the Fishes of the Waters; they will observe my Words, and lay up all my Sayings, in the repositories of their Bosoms, they will need no Church-warden to put them in mind of making restitution to their ill-got Estates; or of their tithing and Longing, to the furtherance of the execution of my Ministry. I will Preach Repentance to the dark Inhabitants of the Earth, and joyn my self in the Apostleship with the Zealous *Count de Gabalis*; in Converting the more Tractable diminitive Pigmy hearts of the poor *Fairies*. Nay, I will *Ascend* deeper, yea, even to the Bowels of Darkness, and Chaos, not with a * *Still Voice*, or *speaking silence*, but like a true Son of Thunder, I will bellow louder than a Bull from the top of a Mosque, or a Bull-dancer in his Rival, and burst open like a Cloud in * *Thunder*, and Lightning, to deliver the Truth to the *Souls in Prison*; where it being something Dark, * *Lightning is necessary to discover* their Sins, and Thunder to strike them with terror and noise of the Lord.

Bastw. I hear the Monstrosity of the Man: Nay, *Ecclesia*, I can stand no longer, sure some Hellish She-Demon of Error has brought him forth, and no less than all the four Winds begot him, methinks I hear the Storm begin to Rumble already, I must to him. Save thee, my Strenuous Holder-forth, what is the cause of all these thy Complaints? Has this City forgot her Old Principle so much, as slight so Worthy a Person?

David.

David. * *'Tis always so, common Blessings are never esteemed, as they ought to be. Who scarce ever gives thanks for the Light of the Sun, which is the greatest Blessing upon the Earth*, except the Heavenly Blessing of my Preaching? But who are you, that thus familiarly Salute me with such Sensible Words of Compassion? I remember not your Face among those that have not yet Deserted me in my Persecution. * Vi pag. 27

Bastw. I am the Ghost of *John Bastwick*, once Doctor of Physic, who afterwards gave Purgatives to the *State* and *Church*; the Fame of thy Emulating my Virtues, has brought me from below, to embrace thee, and give thee some Instructions how to arrive to that Perfection I thy Precursor obtain'd in this Life.

David. I have heard of your Fame and Reputation, and am glad I am so much the care of the Saints departed, as to make them undertake such a Voyage for my sake. If I have not arriv'd to the Zenith of Perfection already, I am sensible you can instruct me.

Bastw. First, my Noble *Festus*, you must *be as hardened in Goodness, as I was when I said of* William *the Dragon, that I fear'd neither Post nor Pillory; conceiving always (said I) that I held my Ears by a better Tenure than he holds his Nose, being a Loyaler Subject than he has Grace to be, and better able to do him Service, than he has ability to judge of; but that, if he should by his Might, and Power, and the iniquity of the Times, advance me to that Desk (meaning the Pillory) I doubt not, but by the Grace of God, I shall make there the Funeral Sermon of all the Prelates of* England. See Nal Collect. Vol. 1. page 4 & p. 5

David. Ah! sweet Sir, I have not been far behind-hand with you in declaring my Resolution and Fortitude; *What shall hinder me* * (say I) *from telling the Truth? shall Tribulation, or Distress, or Persecution, shall Famine, or Nakedness, or Peril, or Sword? (as it is written, For thy sake we are kill'd all the day long, we are accounted as Sheep to the slaughter) for I am perswaded, that neither Death, nor Life, nor Angels, nor Principalities, nor Powers, things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other Creature, shall never hinder us from telling the Truth.* * V pag. 2

Bastw. Very well begun; next you must be positive in your own Justification, absolutely confident in your own Innocence and Virtue; as I will give you an Example in my Letter to Mr. *Aquila Wykes*, Keeper of the *Gatehouse*: *And for the Prior of* Canterbury, *there* William *the Dragon, and your Abby-Lubber of* York, *that Oracle of the* North, *who you Stile with the Title of Graces, I will so stang them,*

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as I shall make it evident they never knew what it was, for if they had had any grace, they would never have been Persecutors of them that were most realy and truly gracious.

David. Ah, Sir, I am before hand with you there too; I defy the World to find any Saint, either Militant, or Triumphant, that excells me. * *Here am I, witness* (said he) *against me before this Congregation, that is my Fault? Have I been guilty of any thing, besides telling you your sins, and of loving your Souls more than my own Interest?* * *Give me the Man, throughout the world, that shall convince me of any publick immoral actions, that ever I have been guilty of, from my Child-hood to this day, and I will freely undergo the punishment that is due to all those scandalous Reports, that my Enemies have maliciously invented, and industriously spread abroad concerning me. Give me the Man that can alledge any other reason, why he is my Enemy, save only, because I have told him the Truth, and Christ has lived a Life in me, that is a reproach unto his.*

Bastw. That was a noble shroak indeed, and pass'd all but the Immaculate Conception; if you could have put in for that too, you had out done all the Arguments of *Scotus*, for that of *Mary*.

David. That was a superfluous nicety, when I had brought my self all along to an equality to Jesus Christ, and a transcendence above all the Apostles; for who of them had not been guilty of some sin in their lives; *Paul* and *Barnabas* were guilty of so much Immorality (as I declar'd in the beginning of one my Sermons) as to fall out upon a trivial account, so far as to separate Companies, as if they hated one another: *Paul* also had Persecuted the Faithful before his Conversion, and *Peter* deny'd his Master after his; and so you may run through the whole Twelve, nay, all the Twelve thousand, that were sealed in the *Apocalyps*.

Bastw.

* vid. pag. 21.

Pag. 22.

. 3d.

Bastw. I am satisfi'd with what you have done, and find you are arriv'd very near Perfection: Next, you must be sure to find Faults, and great Crimes in every one else, discover their Backslidings in the Face of the Congregation, to the Eye of the World; and if you let any one be Innocent, but your self, you gain but half your Point. As for example: *I will Anatomize the Prelacy, and make it appear, that there is as little need of their Government in these Dominions, as was of* Samplon's *Foxes with their Fire-brands at their Tails in the* Philistines *Corn*—— *If we look upon the Lives, Actions, and Manners of the Priests and Prelates of this Age, and see their Pride-fast Impudency, Prophaneness, Unmercifulness, Ungodliness, &c. we should think that Hell were broke loose, and that the Devils in Surplices, in Hoods, in Copes, in Rockets, and in four-square Cow-turds upon their Heads, were come among us, and had besh*t *us. Fough! how they stink! The Priests are a generation of Vipers, proud, ingrateful, illiterate, Asses*, Secundum ordinem Diaboli. *The Church is as full of Ceremonies, as a Dog is full of Flea's.*

David. Hold, Sir, you mistake your Man; I am not he I once was; 'tis true, I have mauld the Clergy, Tooth and Nail, and given 'em as desperate thrusts as ever you did; but I am alter'd, I have lately told my Congregation, that I made 'em not a pack of lazy, senseless, sinful Rascals, to bring them into Contempt, but only,—only;—but only—for—for— for exercise of my natural Talent; and, to say truth, I have made 'em some amends, for I have establish'd it as an indubitable Truth, That no Minister can tell a Lye, or preach false Doctrine if he would.

Bastw. How, my young *Demogorgon*, so fierce! but lately no Racks nor Tortures could alter you, and now for Colloguing with the Gentlemen in black, because you see it takes not with your Parishioners: You ought to love it, because it once befriended you.

David. Not so fast, my good Friend, I am not gone so far neither; as to be guilty of Recanting; for by this new Truth I have set up, I give a plaguy *Innuendo*, that what I said before was Truth too.

Bastw. But, methinks, little *Roger*, you have advanc'd a piece of Babylonish Dialect, and out-shot the Whore of *Rome*'s Infallibility, when you make it impossible for any private Minister to preach up any false Doctrine. Pray what do you think of the *Gnosticks*?

David. O, certainly, my Friend of Friends, they are damnable Hereticks, * *they were Notorious for all manner of Lewdness and Debauchery*; * *did yet pretend to a greater measure of Knowledge than other Men: These* Gnosticks *handled the Word of God deceitfully, and made a Merchandize of the Souls of Men, and thought Gain to be Godliness.*

* Pa

Bastw.

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Baſtw. Then it ſeems the Miniſters come by this Infallibily by a later Title than the *Gnoſticks*; but, methinks, you deſcribe the Prelates of my time under the Name of *Gnoſticks*. Come, you had better ſtick to your firſt Principle, and purſue thoſe Foot-ſteps I left you, of pulling down all the Relicks of the Scarlet Whore. Let me furniſh you with a preſident, from a Bond of my inditing to that purpoſe, leſt the World ſhould ſcruple to take my word for it. 'Tis thus:

The Obligation of John Baſtwick, *Doctor of Phyſick, to Mr.* Aquila Wycks, *Keeper of the* Gate-Houſe, *his good Angel, made* September 28. 1636.

In nomini Domini incipit omne malum Epiſcopale.

BE it known therefore to all Men by theſe preſents, That I John Baſtwick, *Doctor of Phyſick, in* Limbo Patrum, *do bind my ſelf in this Obligation to Mr.* Aquila Wycks, *That if he neither deliver me out of this Egypt, and Houſe of Bondage, where now I am, by the Tenth Day of* October *next, nor will not let me go to ſacrifice unto my beloved* Io, *that for that time forth, I will, with a Pen of Iron, correſpondent to the Iron Age of Prelates, ſo plague the* Metropoliticality *of* York *and* Canterbury, *and the Hyperocality of all the other Prelates, that I will never leave them till I have ſent them to the place where the true* Fulmina belli, Alexander *the Great cryes Muſtard and Green Sauce, and where* Julius Cæſar *plays* Plato's *Rat-catcher. And if I be found at any time failing of this Endeavour, to pay unto the ſaid Mr.* Aquila Wycks, *as much Money as the Tail of the Beaſt is worth. In witneſs hereof I have ſet my Hand, the Day and Year above written, being now reſident in my Diocеſs in* Limbo Patrum.

JOHN BASTWICK.

Thus with the Corallary I have added to my Litany, as additional Articles; the one to ſhew the ſumm of what I undertook to do; the other to demonſtrate the reaſon of the Calling I have to do; the other to demonſtrate the reaſon of the Calling I have to ſtang the Grols which many doubt of: And this I have done to take away all Heſitation hereafter from all Men, when they ſhall ſee I am bound to it by a ſpecial Obligation under my own Hand.

David.

David. Oh, pray good Mr. *Baſtwick*, don't go about to perſwade me to renounce Prelacy, now I am out of Place. Now I am a poor *ſine cure*, Who will look upon me? 'twou'd make me in ſome meaſure *Felo de ſe*, by ſtarving my ſelf for want of Preferment, their Hearts may molifie, and forget I was their Scourge.

Baſtw. Never think that, my dear True Penny, for thou art Metropolitically miſtaken, if thou thinkſt to find any more Bowels of Compaſſion now, than I did when I was in *Limbo Patrum*; you'll get nothing but the flap of a Fox Tail, take my word for't; for I try'd 'em long ſince in theſe Emphatical Words, *Now the Prelate has an Ample Houſe fit for Entertainment, and a great Revenue to ſupport its Grandure; if he pleaſe, I and my Family will go and dwell with him; and by this means he ſhall exerciſe his Hoſpitality; by this means the Propheſie of* Iſaiah *will be fulfi'd, the Wolf and the Lamb ſhall lye together. Pray you, next time you ſee his Highneſs of* Croyden, *ask him if he will do any good in his old days, for I never heard he did in his young. Ask him, I pray, if his Holyneſs will accompliſh any Propheſies, or obey Apoſtolical Canons? The Prelates are the Tail of the Beaſt.*

David. But this was abuſing them, and not asking a Favour; had you been a little more ſubmiſſive, perhaps you might have far'd better.

Baſtw. Hug not thy ſelf with ſuch a vain Opinion, for a poor Curacy of ſcarce 30 *l. per Annum*, will be thy Lot, if thou perſevere in thy ſilly Humour. Whereas if thou tack entirely about to the Saints, thou wilt have at leaſt One hundred Pound *per Annum* in pure ſincere Ready, paid duly every Quarter, beſide Superegatory Offerings, from the Devouter Siſterhood Nor ſhall you pay no Firſt Fruits, and Tenths; nothing to the King, nothing to the Poor; and thou ſhalt rail at the wickedneſs of Biſhops, Prieſts, and Nonreſidents, Pluralities, and any thing, but thy own Congregation.

David. Why truly, Worthy Sir, you have urg'd a great deal of Reaſon, in that you ſay, and I'll take it into my ſerious Conſideration. The Advantages are many; better Pay, and more Liberty to rail at all Degrees of Dignities, and all this without the expence of Thought, or the trouble of firſt Studying and Compoſing; and then learning my Sermons by heart, ſince *quicquid in buccam venerit* will beſt *mimio inſpiration* theſe Advantages, I ſay, may prevail; but I will conſider on't.

Baſtw.

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Baſtw. But oh, my Sanctifi'd Reformer, you muſt debar none from the Sacrament on any Account, if the Cauſe require; for that is a Fundamental Inſtitution of our Church, brought to Practice by the Reverend Mr. *Caſe* in my time; who, to encourage his Auditors to bring in liberally on the Propoſitions for Money, Plate, Horſes, upon his Adminiſtring the Sacrament, began thus, *All you that have contributed to the Parliament, come and take this Sacrament to your Comfort.*

David. Well, I ſay again, I will conſider on't, and weigh the Propoſition for the good of my Conſcience.

Baſtw. Then, my Noble *Feſtus*, I'll e'en leave thee to this worthy Conſideration, for I have out ſtaid my time, and ſhall ſcarce be truſted out of *Limbo* again on my Parole, but I muſt have ſome Devil of a Waiter or other at my Heels, when I have a mind to take the pleaſurable Air here above, for fear I ſhould Bilk my Keeper, and ſo draw him in for Cakes and Ale. Therefore, farewel my worthy Son of Thunder. [*Exit* Baſtwick.

[*As* Baſtwick *goes out, Enter* Lovewit *and* Fairman, *two of the late Parliament Men.*

David. Let me conſider, if I tack about in the Buſineſs, 'twill make the World ſuſpect, that I wore the Vizor of a Churchman ſo long, only to have the Advantage and Liberty of Railing at their Clergy in their own Pulpits; but then I muſt remember them, that the Injuſtice, Prophaneſs [illegible] as united in all its Members, op[illegible] to a higher Degree of Excellency——— Well [illegible] weighty Point, and requires a great deal of thought.

Love. Fairman, Doſt not ſee yonder [illegible] *David*? more thoughtful than a broken Gameſter, [illegible] all his Stock the laſt night at the Groom-Porters; as a [illegible] Shopkeeper, whoſe hopes are bilk'd by a Countermine.

Fair. Or one of his own Coat, on a Sunday Morning when he had been taking a Cup of the Creature on Saturday Night. But prithee let's divert him from his melancholy Reflections on the loſs of his Benefice.

Love. Agreed; but if we make not haſte, he'll give us the go-by, for he's upon motion you ſee: Why, how now my Man of Mettle! What, diſponding for little Tribulations already?

David. Who? Mr. *Lovewit*, and Mr. *Fairman*? What Chance has brought you to my penſive Walks; not to ſeek me I warrant, but to ramble after ſome deluding Sin, or other.

Love.

Love, What makes you ſo ſenſorious, Doctor, to pronounce us guilty of *inordinate* deſires, becauſe we have a fancy to take a heating *Deambulation*? *Hony ſoit qui mal y panſe*: Levite, I fear you come hither upon ſome ſuch deſign, you ſuſpect us ſo; a dear aſſignation from ſome compaſſionate ſiſt *Hearers*, I warrant, who brings thee ſome Elymoſinary yellow Boys in thy deſtreſs.

Fair. No, no, *Lovewit*, none of his *Lady-hearers*, I dare ſwear, will have any fellow feeling for him, ſince he has ſo much at the expence of their pleaſure ſolemnly declared they muſt have no conjugal ſatiſfaction on faſting-nights.

Lov. Here is an eaſie ſalve for that ſore; for if they may not have Conjugal delights, I preſume they are free for a friendly *Contribution*. But little *David*, if thou wilt put in for the reverſion of Mr. *Burgeſs*'s Congregation, thou ſhalt have my Vote, for 'tis pitty ſuch Talents; ſhould be hid under the Buſhil of no Preferment.

Dav. I might have kept my preferment ſtill, if I would have *winked at* your crying ſins, as my Succeſſor will do, as I emphatically obſerv'd from the Nature of his Name. 'Tis not my way, Gentlemen, to uſe the ſmooth enticeing words of mans wiſdom, like a Smug-fac'd Epicure of an *incumbent*, elſe I could have tickl'd your imaginations as well as the beſt of them. No, no, I am a plain down right man, I have enter'd into a Covenant againſt Learning, and Civility; I have bid defiance to them, I ſay, and to the *Criticks*, the *Counſels*, the *School-men*, and the *Philoſophers*, I have ſaid, get thee behind me, *Satan*, I have laid a ſide all my knowledge in the Tongues. Pag. 13

Lov. Which thy Greek *motto* to thy Sermon convinces, was moſt profound.

Dav. Was this reaſon tho', Gentlemen, ſufficient to turn me out of my place? Pag. 40

Fair. No, no, what tho' you pointed at one, and nam'd another, and declare every man's private faults aloud; yet if we had had but a little patience, you would have made us as good a plaiſter for our heads you had broke, as you did for the Clergy; whom after you had brought down on their Marrow-bones of *Contempt*, *you with a loud and audible voyce, bid riſe up Sir Infallibility.*

Dav. If I rail'd at the Clergy, 'twas only to gain a free paſſage for the Goſpel.

Lov. Believe me, *David*, that was a needleſs trouble, ſince the Goſpel has a paſſage as free as thou canſt deſire already; for it comes in at one ear, and goes out at tother.

Dav. Ah, Gentlemen, I find this belov'd ſin of *Uſury* will not let you ſee the *Truth*. I had no Money to put out, that could blind my eyes, but that I might ſee without Spectacles, or a Teleſcope, into the Millſtone of the *Veracity* of the unlawfulneſs of taking lawful Intereſt, this was it,

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you turn'd me out for, without any consideration; tho' I told you after, I found fair means would not do: that I should have *Bears*, and all the
20. four-footed Animals of the Sublunary world, to revenge my quarrel on your Ingratitude, and the Ravens feed me with Bread as well as *Elias*; *Oh you of little faith*, and sear'd and hardned Consciences.

Lov. I find little *David* here took a touch of Mr. *Bays* his Politicks, in Prologues; one for Terrour, and t'other for Compassion.

Dav. You wicked of *Sidon*, you have no regard to my spotless Innocence, tho' I have bid defiance to the whole World, not excluding any one part from the *South-sayers* of *Lapland*, to the *Pythagorean Brachmius* of *Banum*; from the bearded Gentlemen of our own *Welch* Mountains, to the warm Bankers in *Lombard street*, to prove me guilty of any
e 21. one of those Imputations *Samuel* once feared in my Circumstances upon a Resignation.

Lov. But *Samuel* (being an old Man, whose dancing days were done) left out one thing, which thou mightst have added, *viz.* whose Wife have I consolated with the bounties of my Person, instead of the crums of Comfort of *soul-saving*, and *Spiritual Lectures*.

Fair. He might also have added, what worthy Parishioners have I pointed at in the Church, when I should have been reducing the *Scripture-instituted Pulpit-Thumping to practice*, because he was not so bountiful in his Contributions, as my not-enough-esteem'd Merits required.

Lov. But he has taken away all those Scruples at once, when he dares any man to prove him guilty of the least publick immoral Action in his Life.

Fair. *Publick immoral Action*? prithee *David*, what dost thou mean
ge 22. by that?

Dav. I am a plain meaning Man, I love *simplicity*, and *foolishness*; nor do I couch my thoughts in *Ambiguous*, or *Amphibious* Words.

Lov. Prithee, his meaning is obvious enough, as thus,—— If he has a mind to be drunk, he drinks not at a prophane Tavern, Brandy-shop, or Ale-house; but within the consecrated Walls of a Brother Saint; where, if he or his Brethren get booze, 'tis without noise, or shew; there is a double Pleasure in Iniquity, when 'tis *stollen* from the view of the Publick; for they enjoy the Reputation of Saints, and the Delights of Sinners;——So, if he would have a blooming young Girle, as full of love as an unsqueez'd Orange is of Juice, to give lusty Nature a necessaty jog, he seeks her not out in the Mazes of a Night Ramble, in the Street, or the Park, Wells, or Play, or any other place of publick resort; where, in an Evening, a lewd Punk, of the Eighteen-penny Gallery, puts on the Face of Innocence and Quality; nor will he venture the Conflagration of his Tabernacle in any known Vaulting-School; but meets the hearty and wholesome Embraces of one of his fille Devote's, who thinks it no small step in her Journey to the Saints Everlasting

lasting Rest, by having her Vessel consecrated by the man of God. Sins that are committed in the Eye of the World, lose half their pleasure; for they look with a Face of Lawfulness; whereas, a secret Intrigue heightens your Enjoyment by the Circumstance of Theft: I tell thee *Jack*, 'tis as curious a thing to manage iniquity to Advantage, as the *Scotch* Receipt to kill the Devil.

Fair. Kill the Devil! *Ned*—— prithee what dost mean?

Lov. I'll tell thee a Story,—— Since the Restoration of Presbytery in *Scotland*, there was an eminent Holder-forth, near *Edinburg*, that wou'd needs inform his Congregation, How to kill the Devil. Can any, among you, tell how to kill the Devil (says he) turning about his Drum Ecclesiastick, Can you? Or you? Or you? No, no, none of you can tell;—— for you cannot hang him, for he's as light as a Feather; you cannot drown him, for he's Cork all up to the Arse; you cannot stick him, for his Hide is as thick as a Highlander's Target; and what will you do then, Beloved, to kill the Devil?——— Mark me, I'll tell you, Beloved, you must shoot him with the great Gun of the Word of God; as thus Beloved, in yon corner, there's the Muckle Devil, and here stand I, and thus take up the Word of God, well prim'd with Faith, Beloved, and with it I will shoot the Divel; *shoo, shoo, hoo, hoo,* and with that he flung the Bible at the destin'd place, and knock'd down a poor Holy Sister, that was taking a refreshing Nap.

Fair. What dost thou mean by this? Which is no more to the purpose, than a Countrey Parson's Sermon to his Text.

Lov. Oh, Sir, you err mightily, for 'tis doubly to my purpose; first, to shew you, that 'tis no easie matter to manage *iniquity* well, since 'tis of equal difficulty to the killing the Devil; which secondly, may be done, to our Satisfaction, by the Word of God; have but that enough in your Mouth, and your Tail will never be suspected as a false Brother.

Dav. But who can conceal his Vices from the World, if he give himself once privately over to them, they would be out of his power to conceal.

Lov. No, no, *David*, a little Custom will do all.

Dav. Well, well, Gentlemen, if I were not innocent, I could ne'er have dar'd to pronounce so bold a Challenge; and had I not been spotless as the *Dove*, in the *Canticles*, I durst never have made such an earnest *Apostrophe* to the Lord, who knew the Secrets of my Heart, no more than a Coward, Bully a known Man of Courage. But were I guilty, why did no body answer me in the face of the Congregation?

Lov. Truly, little *David*, the Church was so throng'd, with those that came to weep, those that came to laugh, and those that came to sleep, that a Man might as soon have got under the Gallows, at Execution day, as have come within hearing of you; your Arrogance else had been bauk'd by a young tell-tale Rogue, that swears he saw thee,

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from a fellow-feeling Brothers, come reeling home, as drunk as a Squire of *Alſatia* from a Bowl of Punch.

Fair. But with what *Impudence* couldſt thou ſay, thou didſt awake
Page 23. ſome drowſie Auditors, leſt they ſhould be ſtrook dead for not minding thy Nonſenſical Harangue, as *Eutychus* was, for ſleeping at the Sermon of St. *Paul*? when thou didſt not fear to provoke Heaven to ſtrike thee, for calling it to Witneſs, of thy being never guilty of any immoral Action; when thou couldſt not but remember how thou didſt baſely diſown thy own Father at *Oxford*, becauſe the honeſt Hind was not dreſt in Scarlet; but perhaps, thou didſt not think that any Crime.

David, All Malicious Impoſtures of my Enemies Inventions: Is not the Miracle my Prayers have done, an undeniable Proof of my Sanctity?
Page 32.

Lov. How, how, little *David*, what a paw word was that? It ſmells as much of Popery, as thy new advanc'd infallibility of the Clergy. I thought Miracles had been ceas'd many a fair day ago, and that you might aſſoon find a Gameſter without Dice, and other neceſſary Implements of his Art, or a Player without Impudence; as an *interloping Prayer*, that cou'd rob the Phyſitian of his Fee.

Dav. I will leave you, ye generation of Vipers, who turn the moſt holy Declarations of the Juſtification of the Innocent into ridicule; you are poſſeſt with a Devil, beyond the Power of a Goſpel holder-forth to caſt out of ye.

Lov. Well, honeſt *David*, if thou wilt leave us, thou ſhalt not go without ſome words of Comfort; for ſince thou haſt declared ſolemnly, that he that keeps the *whole* Law, and allows himſelf but one beloved Sin, is worſe than he that is guilty of all the Lewdneſs, Prophaneneſs,
Page 35. and Villanies in the World; the Whore-Maſters, Cheats, Atheiſts, Poets, Fidlers, and Players, intend to eſtabliſh a Penſion for thee, during Life; and will have a Nocturnal Congregation, where, thou in an audible Voice, ſhalt inforce this Doctrine, that a Man that commits but one Sin, is worſe than he that commits ten thouſand.

Fair. The tenet is ſo good an encouragement to the young and fearful Sinners, by perſuading them that they had as good go through ſtitch with the work, and eat of every diſh of the Feaſt of Debauchery, ſince they ſhall pay no more, than if they had taſted but of one, that I do not wonder at their generous reſolve.

Dav. I'll begone, and ſhake the dirt off my Feet on that wicked ſtreet of yours, that did not receive me, but turn me away with contempt. Wo, wo, and wo be unto thee, for it ſhall be better for *Whetſtone's Park*, or *Tower-Hill*, in the day of Tribulation, than with thee; for if they had had the Happineſs to hear me Preach, they would have left their Iniquities, *exit David.*

Lov. Well, Divinity is gone with a fury from us; and 'tis well one of the Vials of the *Revelations* is not in his hands, elſe he would certainly pour it all out on *Lombard-ſtreet.*

F I N I S.

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